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Zion's Herald.

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DYING.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

The summer is dying slowly,
The falling leaves
Come whirling down, withered and brown;
The yellow sheaves
Of the harvest are gathered in,

And reaped bare
The orchard stands, whose buds and fruit
Gleamed bright and fair.

A young life is dying slowly,
And day by day
The progs that sweet hope still clings to,
Are giving way;

There's a shadow upon the heart,
A whispered breath,

That the Great Destroyer must enter,
The angel Death.]

Oh! the summer again will waken,
Though buried deep; And the buds and blossoms re-open;
Their eyes from sleep; But the dreams of a young glad heart
Have passed for sly,
For that winter sleep has no spring.
That night no day.

In another world—oh, not this—
So pure, so bright,
Where never the sun nor stars have need
To give their light,

She wakes in a glorious spring
Of youth and love,
No fading summers can enter there;
Not here—above!

FRENCH SWITZERLAND.

BY REV. M. GALLIENNE.

After five years' residence in this picturesque and interesting country, the stern rule of the itinerancy calls me back to France. Allow me to give your readers the benefit of some of my impressions.

Switzerland is a mere speck on the map of Europe, and French Switzerland is but a small part of the confederation. The three States, or cantons, of Geneva, Vaud and Neuchâtel practically form the whole of it, with not 500,000 inhabitants—a respectable city, and no more! Their isolation also appears to tell against them; they are cut off from France as by religious barriers. We are all staunch Protestants here, and look down upon our light-headed and uncivilized Catholic neighbors. And yet, with these drawbacks, these favored lands are a fine specimen of what France could have become if she had chosen Protestantism instead of Jesuitism for her religion. The French character might have lost something of its brilliancy, but certainly would have gained in strength and depth and solidity. A large number of the best families in Geneva and in the smaller towns are descended from French refugees, and their worth shows what France could have been.

In fact, the main strength of French-speaking Protestantism was found in these small cantons up to the second half of this century. Even now a large proportion of French religious books are published here, and most of the ministers of the free churches in France have been educated here. Geneva has indeed lost its supremacy, but makes yet a very good work in Protestantism.

The great danger of religion in this country is the thorough union between Church and State. In fact, the ministers or pastors are as much officers of the State as the custom house officers or policemen. They are elected by the political votes that elect town councilors, and in Neuchâtel have to run the risks of a new election every five years. The institution is deplorable, but it works better than it appears, because, as a rule, the elections are in the hands of the minority of electors who really care for religious matters; and as a rule a good minister can make his influence tell upon the people. Still, the very best men cannot but feel cramped and restrained under such circumstances. The worst feature of this national Christianity is that it does not recognize conversions in any sense. All young people of sixteen must go through the form of a relig-

ious instruction and public reception to the Lord's Supper. The law obliges the minister to instruct all, and to receive all to the sacrament, and custom obliges all to present themselves, however unfit. This custom, universal in the Protestant churches of the continent, is a direct inheritance of Catholicism, and one of the most dangerous of abuses. This public reception to the Lord's Supper, instead of being a religious act, becomes a mere civil ceremony, and ushers the young people into the gayeties of life. It is no rare thing to see dead drunk at night a youth who in the morning was solemnly promising to forsake "the world and its vanities."

With all these difficulties in their way, many ministers in the national churches are doing good service for the Lord, carving out, as it were, a real church for themselves from the surrounding formalism. But the tendency of these pastors is to form private associations, which under the name of Evangelical Unions are gradually forming a church within the church. One of these days the people will grow sick of the whole concern and throw overboard these national establishments. But many of the leaders prefer to have Christianity more under control; they think that a national church is a good preservative against the aggressive power of Christianity.

In the meanwhile, free churches have some difficulty in living in this heavy atmosphere of national Christianity. They were all created in times of political as well as religious excitement, and bear the penalty of this mixed origin. Cut off from the great mass of the people, they keep up their numbers and exert an influence over the public opinion, but hardly act as Americans would expect them to act on the general population.

To speak the whole truth, even an American would find it difficult to influence our conservative and indifferent working classes; wine, fleshly lusts, and great respect for their government combine to make them very adverse to living Christianity. Late, however, two agencies seem to have told upon them to an encouraging extent: The first are popular meetings where several speakers address them as familiarly as possible. American songs of the Sankey style are sung, and some impression is made. But this serves more to widen the circle in which the free churches move, than to break it altogether.

The temperance society has done more, and by getting hold of real drunkards and converting them, has proved the best means hitherto discovered of moving the real outsiders. Then a walk over and a ride back on the great Brooklyn Bridge—certainly one of the world's wonders, and an imperishable monument to the Roebling family. It does not disappoint the visitor.

The Stock Exchange. You have been there? They don't read this. If not, permit me to say a word about what might well be called, now Jumbo is dead, "the greatest show on earth." As you are going up the stairs from Wall St., you hear in the distance the roar of Niagara; but, started that you are in the neighborhood of that unequalled cataract, you stop and exclaim, "What on earth is that?" Recovering courage, you push on, and are soon inside the hall, leading over the rail of the spectators' gallery—not dead, but speechless. The scene of noise and confusion is indescribable. When you find your voice, your first words are, "Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!" Down there on the floor below you are perhaps five hundred men, about half of whom are in squads of from ten to twenty each, and the majority of these are shouting at the top of their voices and frantically waving their hands and alternately this yelling and gesticulating by writing rapidly in little note-books they carry in one hand. What are they yelling about? Why do they shout so that none of them can hear anything? Are they a pack of escaped lunatics? Are they dangerous? Suppose they should get loose! Such thoughts involuntarily pass through your mind. Their apparent unconsciousness that they are lunatics is sublimely ridiculous. And as their insanity hardly seems to claim your pity, you can laugh at them without restraint; and laugh you do. But I also moralized, and here are two points: If men for money are willing to use their voices in this fashion and face a boisterous crowd, no preacher ought to hesitate to preach to any howling mob to save souls; second, never will I allow a worldling to criticize a shouting Methodist. It is human

service in the morning, a Congregational sermon and sacramental service in the afternoon, and a revival prayer-meeting in the evening. Why do our Congregational brethren persist in using fermented wine? Otherwise the services were excellent. Rev. Mr. Bixby, the Revere pastor, who was in charge, has much of the Methodist fire and freedom, and is burdened for the salvation of the summer visitors to the neighboring beaches. We were delightfully entertained at the newly and conveniently built house of Prof. O. L. Carter, the skillful organist and director at Temple St. M. E. Church, on whose slightly "lookout" you can sit in the twilight and gaze upon the boundless sea or upon Crescent Beach, said to rival in beauty the Bay of Naples.

Going down by steamer to Point Shirley in a terrific thunder-storm, having another day of hard rain and bathing in the sea, we decided Beachmont to be a veritable watering-place. One day in New York city—that vast forest of human creations. It was Thursday of the great funeral week, and the first day General Grant's body lay there in state. Early in the forenoon we went to City Hall, looked upon the crowds, tried to read and inwardly digest the poetical inscription, now historic if not classic, and then with great but unconscious audacity asked room in the procession for the ladies, which with surprise and some indignation was refused by a gentleman on the line (how long he had waited to get his place I had not considered), but which was kindly granted by a good-natured policeman who stood by! And then, of course, the ladies let their gentleman escort into the procession in front of them, and so in a few minutes we were in the presence of the illustrious dead, and in a few minutes were outside again. It was unsatisfactory. The room was dark, the coffin low, and hasn't been insisted on—only a glance, and hardly that. That glance, however, revealed to us a ghastly sight—the color unnatural, the flesh apparently decomposing. But it will be a pleasure to say that you were one of the multitude who took a last look at the face of that great man and the greatest general of the greatest war of modern times.

A day or two at Niagara Falls only increased my desire to see them again—I never wanted to go to Niagara more than I do this minute. The magnificence of the Falls grows upon you. Time is needed "to do" Niagara. There are so many points of interest—the view of the American Fall from the Park, from Goat Island, from Luza Island, and from the foot of the fall; the view of the Horseshoe Fall from Terrapin Rocks, and from the Canada shore (the best view of all); the view of the whole from the Suspension Bridge, and from points on the Canada side; the views of the rapids from the Three Sisters; and of the Whirlpool and Whirlpool rapids from both shores; and then, if you have courage, the exciting visit to the Cave of the Winds, and the novel trip on the "Maid of the Mist" as she seems to court destruction by steaming up into the foam and spray at the very foot of the Falls. And when you have gone all around, you want to go all over it again, and stay a long while in each place. And then you will want to visit each point at different times of the day for varied sun and moon effects, and in different weathers, and when the wind blows from different quarters; and then you must go in winter to see the marvelous ice-forms—and every time you will be amply repaid. Well, to "take in" Niagara, requires time and capacity. By the action of the New York Legislature a gigantic mill-power is forever lost to the industries of the world, but a moral power of incalculable value has been saved to the higher sentiments of the human mind. How can a man be an atheist in the presence of such a manifestation of Almightiness? While I read the 29th Psalm it seemed as though David must have been sitting on Goat Island or the Canada shore when he wrote: "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth, even the Lord upon many waters."

If you wish to find a first-class private boarding-house within easy reach of all points of interest, and so concluded that its first sight will rest you better than medicine, go to Mrs. Murray's, corner First and Union Sts., Niagara Falls. I was surprised to learn that carriage-hire is cheaper at Niagara than elsewhere; only keep your wits about you and take advantage of the competition. I engaged a

nature when wrought up to great interests to make a noise.

A visit to "Stewart's," a call at 805 Broadway, a trip up-town on the elevated railway, a carriage-ride around Central Park where the hoary obelisk was a special object of note, crowded the day full, and we were glad to find excellent quarters for the night at Mrs. Pritchard's, No. 35 East 23d Street. The location is very central and convenient, and the charges moderate.

Next day we feasted our eyes upon the charming scenery as we sped along the Delaware River on the Erie road, and late at night got off at Jamestown, whence the next forenoon we took a steamer for far-famed Chautauqua. During a short stay I made several mental notes, such as—the location is unsurpassed; good entertainment can be secured at \$1.25 per day; the management is most generous and discriminating; a camp-meeting on Sunday with closed gates is practicable; no one who goes to Chautauqua ought to neglect the devotional hour under the leadership of Rev. B. M. Adams; John H. Vincent is worthy of all praise for his unselfish devotion to this great and worthy enterprise; the end is not yet. We fell into the hands of most ardent admirers of Dr. Lummis, who did not perhaps worship the ground he stood on, but certainly with awe pointed out (in his absence) the chair at table in which he sat. As he married us, we were in favor at once. It was very pleasant to look upon the family faces of Rev. and Mrs. Wm. D. Bridge, of Mother Holway—an enthusiastic alumna of the C. L. S. C.—of Rev. Wm. I. Haven, who has rung so well the Chautauqua Chimes for the HERALD, and of our former gentle parishioners at Springfield, Mr. and Mrs. James M. De Camp, now of Cincinnati. Of the rich things furnished us at the amphitheatre and elsewhere you have already heard from other correspondents.

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two-horse barouche with a colored driver to take four of us from our boarding place to the station, for fifty cents!

A Sabbath in Toronto, Ontario—and a delightful rest-day it was! Thank God for one American city of goodly size which keeps the Sabbath! No horse-cars are run, but the people are church-goers, and the churches are filled with devout worshippers. Toronto is a Protestant city, and united Methodism leads the denominations. Their chief edifice—the "Metropolitan"—stands in the heart of the city in the midst of a spacious plot of land, beautifully laid out in lawns and flower-beds. I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. John Potter and Dr. Dewart, editor of the *Christian Guardian*. Both preached gospel sermons with much unction and with-out eccentricities. To say that we were entertained with large-hearted hospitality at the elegant residence of Mr. Massey, president of the Massey Manufacturing Co., and a leading Methodist of the city, is to tell the initiated that our pleasure was unalloyed, and our departure from Toronto only too early.

I must not take any more room to expatiate upon the Thousand Islands, sitting in beauty amid the marvelously clear waters of the St. Lawrence, nor describe the Methodist Park with its present attractions and future possibilities, where we were most cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown, and permitted to see in the flesh once more Father Bushnell, so many years a resident of Wilbraham, and where our own Dr. Horr, whose genial face, as always, was a benediction, has his summer home; nor can I go on to tell about my visit to Rev. Geo. W. Bent, an old class-mate, at Natural Bridge, N. Y., who is doing old-fashioned circuit work in good old-fashioned style, with the Word of God hid in his heart and ready for any labor which will glorify God and save souls. God bless him and all like him, who together are doing a most essential part of Methodism's great work!

Worcester, Mass., Sept., 1885.

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY REV. E. WHITNEY, D. D.

The return of most of the city pastors from their annual vacation, is indicated by three things, viz., the Saturday announcements in the newspapers, the large attendance of preachers at the Monday gathering in the Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, and an instructive caricature in one of the leading comic papers. These papers the writer rarely reads, and that for three reasons: There is so little genuine fun in them, so much of real malice to earn godliness, and life is too sober and stern to permit any such waste of time. In this case the caricature, as exhibited from a newsstand, caught and held the eye. The devil with boxing gloves is represented as engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with sundry good-looking, resolute persons, who go to gratify itching ears, add to his stock of small talk, and escape the duties which press upon his conscience. In private life he is usually a novel reader. Long before his vagrant instincts for preaching pastures are satisfied, he has lost all interest in steady, useful work; and like the tattered, disreputable remnant of a man who loves sun shine, free meals—if poor ones—and a winter home in the poor-house, he's good for nuttin' to nobody."

A holiday isn't a working year. Holidays have their place—or why should church and State provide them? An occasional holiday helps to better performance of useful work. So, if we go to St. Paul's, it isn't as a tramp, but as an honest worker on an unexpected holiday. If professing Christians will "take to the road," let them call on Dr. Day for a free lunch. It is sure to be of the kind that doesn't agree with tramps, dyspeptics, or hypochondriacs; but if they will only receive and assimilate it, they are certain to go home with genuine desire for laborious and profitable occupation. Then, of course, they cease to be tramps, and become respectable Christians. Very forcibly and eloquently Dr. Day exhorts us as follows: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, put on like men, be strong." Paul would rejoice in the vigorous enforcement of duty. Service is an hour long. Service of song for three-quarters of an hour usually precedes and helps to draw in multitudes. It is dessert before dinner—not the best thinkable order, perhaps; but still the poor souls would better have dinner in that way, than not have dinner at all.

DR. NEWMAN.

Dr. Newman is once more at home, and is also very frequently away from home—preaching, lecturing, delivering addresses, etc. He looks as though life had not been altogether smooth sailing; nor has it. When was it all smooth sailing for godly, earnest, faithful souls? The newspapers, or many of them, have, unkindly and ignorantly attacked him. The time has not yet come for unmasking the motives of all the assailants. Indefinite—bitter, defiant, unreasonable—has thrown what mud its bony fingers could grasp. It said that the prayers in General Grant's room were offered at "Newman's urgent request." The grand old hero

read the statement, and at once issued his bulletin expressing heartfelt gratitude for their prayers in his behalf. So far from attempting to make capital, in the politician's sense, for Christianity out of his intimate relations with General Grant and his family, Dr. Newman uniformly waited for the sick man to introduce the subject of religion, and to convene family and guests for prayers. Ingersoll and his associates would probably like some memorial of General Grant. If so, how would a picture answer? That picture might be of the patient, suffering warrior, attired in cap and dressing-gown, painfully walking from room to room to call family and friends to unite with him in family worship of the God and Christ of their fathers, and of all mankind. Or it might be of the baptism of Grant by Newman—his baptism when in full possession of all his remarkably solid intellectual powers; his baptism as the purposed expression of his utterly implicit faith in Christianity, and of his personal trust in the living and glorified Redeemer. Competent artists stand ready to fill orders for reasonable sums.

The religious experiences of Christians are glorious facts. Even if only the experiences of those who, following Renan's advice, work out the grand romance of infinity for themselves, they are of purest, sweetest, satisfying nature. Negativism, agnosticism, have nothing like them. Unbelief—leprosy, murderous, cursing—cannot even dream of them.

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Our Exchanges.

BY SIR.

A Just Conservatism.

We are living in a progressive age, but no measure of advancement can pass beyond eternal verities. Truth is truth, and we cannot put it behind us. Therefore, not every novelty is desirable, because it may not be true. We must not surrender truth to so-called progress. —Western Christian Advocate.

Points Its Own Moral.

In this country there is a gradual decrease in the number of persons composing a family. In 1850 the number of persons to a family averaged 6.66; in 1860 it was 5.25; in 1870 the average had fallen to 5.09 and in 1880 it was 5.04. The above rate of decrease would make the present average five persons to a family. —Interior.

A Self-destructive Theory.

Miscellaneous.

A SUMMER CARNIVAL IN CANADA.

BY MARK TRAFTON.

FOURTH PAPER.

(Concluded.)

Our silver moon is a dead body in the solar system, and such is this old town of Quebec among cities—dead as Herculaneum; dead as it will be ten thousand years hence when it will be buried under two thousand feet of solid ice; dead as to commerce, manufactures, mechanic art, schools of science, and other institutions of learning. No public enterprise, no building, no growth! We cannot say it slumbers; it is dead, and nothing remains but its traditions, and its crowds of old heroic ghosts, who may be presumed to revisit this naked rock, and "squeak and gibber" of its departed glory.

As I stood upon the battlements of the impregnable fortress, and looked out upon the grand sweep of the gliding river, while others were chatting of the beautiful views and glorious scenery, my thoughts were back with other days and scenes, when Quebec was the brilliant gem in the crown of the Grand Monarque; when the bay, now so desolate, was alive with richly-freighted ships from France; when French nobility were eager in their financial ventures, and contended for the honors of the vice-royalty; when Madam Pompadour ruled the king, court and provinces, and enriched her favorites by liberal bestowments of monopolies of trade; when Pope and priest and Jesuit were filled with a burning zeal for the conversion of the heathen in these wilds, and the dream of a mighty empire on this new continent created a glamour that dazzled and blinded the eyes of a nation—a dream so suddenly dispelled by the roar of English drums and the volleys of thunder on the plain yonder we had just visited.

Looking up the river to the time of the prosperous days of the courtly and the energetic Governor Contratour and his brilliant court and pompous levees held in this old town, and I saw a thousand canoes come floating down the river filled with the choicest furs of the American forests, and the great chiefs of various tribes arrayed in barbaric splendor to pay court to the governor; and then, shooting out from the point below us, the adventurous La Salle and his few heroic companions starting on a voyage of discovery through those vast inland seas, and on to the unknown Mississippi. Gone now are all—governors, chiefs, tribes, warriors and adventurers; gone the gay throng of revelers whose feet once trod these streets, and paced this rock on which we stand.

France has never succeeded in colonization. She had a great opportunity, a mighty field opened to her in this new world, but she adopted a false policy, and signally failed. She was here, on this spot, before the hardy men and women who stepped from a shallow upon the frozen sands of Plymouth were born. They (the French colonists) had behind them the whole power of the proudest throne upon earth, joined with the infallible authority of Rome, while the Pilgrims had behind them the bigoted, persecuting government which drove them into the wilderness to shift for themselves. The French had but the thirst for gold and personal aggrandizement, with no truly enabling and life-giving instrumentality to elevate and restrain the vicious passions and appetites of the people. They came among the savages with a false religion, sunk at once into living with, as did the savage, and had no power to lift themselves or their low associates to a higher plane of moral and intellectual excellence; and there, on that same level, are the mass of French Canadians to-day. The Pilgrims had love of liberty, equal rights, a free conscience, a gospel of life, and the school for all. Mark the result of the two experiments carried on side by side. God willed it. Let us go.

When we entered the citadel, the attentive sergeant had a curiosity to show us "a gun taken at Bunker's Hill!" We walked about in vain to find it. He was puzzled; had some one surreptitiously taken it off? "My friend," said I, "I think it was retaken at the surrender of Burgoyne or Cornwallis!" No more was said about it.

We left the Bishop sitting in the carriage looking at the procession when we went into our retrospective trance.

We now started for the Falls of Montmorency, distant nine miles—down a fearful descent, out through a gate, and so on over the St. Charles river through a farming region. On the right hand we pass a large mass of ruins of brick buildings. Our clerical companion informs us that there was an extensive worsted fac-

tory, but after a few years of operation the company found that they could not successfully compete with home manufacturers, and failed. Did they burn the buildings then? No, fire burned them, spontaneous combustion, like summer hotels at the close of a dull season. When free trade prevails with us, I wonder if our numerous factories will present such an appearance? Doubtless, if burned. One-storyed cottages appear all along the way, and the women and girls are in the gardens, engaged in weeding and hoeing. Where are the men? Gone to the city to the celebration. "What a host of children," we remarked. "Yes, these French are wonderfully prolific. There, do you see that cottage on the left? Well, the man living there is a baker in the city. Three months ago his wife bore her thirty-eighth child!" Let not the startled reader say Munchausen, or that the types have blundered. I wrote it in my note-book; there are the figures, 38! And this started another subject. "Quebec has sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom only five thousand are English Protestants. The French are gaining on us in population rapidly. The average of children in these families is ten or twelve." And this is a troublesome fact with the Canadians—something like our Southern colored population, which is gaining on the whites rapidly. It is a very grave problem. Perhaps this fecundity arises in part from the effort by Louis XIV. to increase the population of his Canadian territory. Special gifts were bestowed on men who married young. Bounties of twelve hundred francs were given to parents who had fifteen children, and so down the scale in proportion. Had the woman above referred to live in 1660 instead of 1885, she would have been as rich in bounties as in children.

But here we are at the little hotel. Our horses are put up, and we start off down a well-worn path to see the cascade. We pass on around a point of land, and there it is. But either the talk about the children, or the excitement in the old walled city, or want of dinner, had acted upon my organ of wonder, so that to me it was not much—only a small river dropping suddenly, and with a sheer fall, some say, of two hundred feet; but we have at home falls of as many thousand, and few go to see them. A suspension bridge was constructed some years since across the falls, but one morning a farmer was driving over it with his daughter in a wagon, when the wires gave way and all went down together into the gulf. The abutments remain, but it will never be rebuilt, it is said.

Dinner of some kind of fresh fish, and we drive back, and bidding farewell to our agreeable friends, the pastor and his wife, we start for the boat, and at 5 p. m. cast off and commence our return. We want two hours more for the passage up, as the current is against us, but we shall be in time for the morning train; as our genial old skipper says, "We never fail." That's English!

At 7 a. m. we were at the pier in Montreal, and took our seats in the car, when in walked the smiling face of our attentive friend, Dr. Potts. Though busy in packing up to remove to his new charge—the Metropolitan in Toronto—he gave to us every attention during our stay in Montreal. At 7.10 p. m. we ran into the Lowell station, and our pleasant journey and visit ended.

AXEL GUSTAFSON AND THE TEMPORAL REFORM.

BY REV. M. W. CONANT.

The careful student of current history cannot fail to mark what may be properly termed the pressure of the temperance reform. It has passed the varying ebb and flow of tides that are only marked by incoming and receding waves upon the shore; and, like ground swell in mid-ocean, asserts its presence with an omnipotent force. We look upon the full-rigged ship with every sail stretched to catch the breeze for which it vainly waits, and observe the sublimity, majesty and grandeur of that silent, unseen working force that forbids it to be still.

Recognizing the animating power of God in the developing agencies of nature; as the hills and valleys are clothed with verdure, and the fertile plains wave their vast harvests for "a wave-offering" to Him who "sendeth the early and the latter rain;" gazing upon the myriad worlds that roll in everlasting space with a swiftness that baffles the imagination and leaves space to wonder and awe before that Infinite Power which "hangeth the north over the empty space," shall we fail to see the same Hand in the moral world?

At the close of the first century of the modern temperance reform, we find ourselves confronting problems that must be solved, because they take hold upon human character and human destiny.

None are more important than the proper settlement of the drink problem.

Does not an unseen hand indicate a purpose that it shall be met upon its merits and find its settlement through the only sources capable of such a result, viz., intelligence, conscience and political power?

These thoughts force themselves upon the mind of the writer as he rises from the perusal of an article published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* from the pen of Mr. Axel Gustafson, in which he discusses "Temperance and Party Government." In applying it he says: "What we want (as the Archbishop of York says) is a new school of politics, which should demand of representatives of the people, not dull adherence to the torn skirts of old party traditions, but an earnest insight into great social questions." Of such questions the one which demands settlement before all others is, "How shall we deal with the liquor traffic?" For only a sober nation is fit to cope, or will ever succeed in coping, with the difficulties of national or individual government." After tracing the results of fifty years of temperance agitation and effort in England, and the failure of government to come to the relief of the cause, he says: "It is no wonder that the temperance workers and friends of temperance in England, have become thoroughly disatisfied with past methods and are casting about for better."

His conclusions are: "From the most earnest attention on this point I have come to the conclusion that the fundamental error of temperance agitation in the past has been of subordinating the needs and demands of the temperance movement to the needs and demands of party; in other words, temperance men have been party men first and temperance advocates afterwards; the individual conscience has been subordinated to party interests, morality to political expediency, and we have it on the highest authority that this is fundamentally wrong, for upon that authority we are bidden to 'seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto us.' There is no doubt that political parties will be formed for contesting the general election; but the friends of temperance should hold themselves aloof from party politics, and form a party of their own."

He goes on to urge that in the next election, in which two million new voters will participate, temperance men "nominate their own candidate on the understanding that he is pledged to nothing more, nor less, nor other than the constant use in and out of season of all the parliamentary rules and other means for forcing upon the attention of the House the suppression of the drink traffic *in toto*, and resisting all other legislation until this is accomplished."

What is the result of this advice may we know not; but when we remember that Mr. Gustafson is the author of that remarkable book, "The Foundation of Death"—a work that shows so thorough a knowledge of the drink problem and has such a numerous reading—we cannot fail to notice the presence of an unseen but felt pressure in the temperance reform. This question cannot be at rest until it is settled right. It must be settled.

THE ETHICS OF SINCERITY.

A Very Popular Fallacy.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

At the bottom of page 139 of a well-known, and in most respects able and admirable work entitled, "The Plan of Salvation," the author says: "Another important fact in connection with this subject is that a man's spiritual as well as temporal interests depend on what he believes." So they do in so far as man's spiritual being is concerned physically or psychically—as a part of the kingdom of physical nature; and in so far, accordingly, as it becomes amenable to physical laws—pre-eminently nature's fundamental law of cause and effect. To illustrate: It may not be denied that the devout and honest idolater, whatever his sincerity, will be reasonably debased physically and psychically by his idolatrous practices. But will he be condemned? This is the question; and just this is what Dr. Walker and many others, in discussing this question, utterly lose sight of. Shall this sincere, devout heathen, as sincere and devout, if you please, as was Cornelius, because of his honestly-imbibed error of the head, not of the heart—but after all ultimately consigned to an endless hell? So our author would seem to teach (see page 143). But who believes it? Where does he find any Bible authority for such a doctrine? Certainly not in Acts 10: 35.

On page 140 he says: "Perhaps the most absurd and injurious adage which has ever gained currency among man kind is, that it is no difference what a man believes if he is only sincere." Doubtless the use made of this adage by many is "injurious," but literally interpreted, can it be said to be "absurd"? It is true enough that this saying is glibly, flippantly tossed about as a foil against the truth by a class of persons who do not mean what they say. Strangely, the very ones who, for the purpose just named, bally this adage about, are the ones who afford the least evidence of being ever really "sincere." Still, though thus converted into a "refuge of lies," who shall say that in case all the terms employed therein be interpreted in their absolute sense, this adage does not, after all, express the simple truth? Is this maxim, indeed, anything other than another way of saying that God, in His judgments of men, looks not, truly, on the outward, but on the inward, man—not so much on the "outward appearance, but on the heart;" not on the outward act, but, rather, on the motive underlying it; not on the lame and necessarily imperfect creed of the individual, but on the attitude of the will. Our author, however, would seem to reject all this, and, instead, to hold that salvation, destiny, temporal and spiritual, is conditioned, not so much on the state of the heart, as on the contents of the head; not so much on how one feels and what he means, as on what he believes.

The learned Doctor, meanwhile, in the course of his discussion, crosses his own track and evinces somewhat of

that embarrassment and confusion of ideas incident to being on both sides of this question. On page 138 he significantly says: "Faith [i. e., belief] governs conscience. Conscience cannot condemn an act performed in view of one's honest, sincere belief. It will, hence, sanction and command in one what it will forbid in another. For a good Catholic, for example, neglects his *duty*, his conscience will smite him until he confesses his sins with tears." Very well. Now, query: (1) Other things equal, is any man at liberty to disregard the dictates of his own conscience—what he truly believes and feels he ought to do, and considers to be his duty? (2) Will God condemn, and accordingly damn eternally in hell, a soul for an act which his conscience, at the time, actually, positively approved? for doing what, according to his best light, he sincerely esteemed to be right and duty? Probably Dr. W. would hesitate to answer this question in the affirmative. But, if so, he virtually abandons his position—allows that "sincerity" after all—absolute sincerity—is the determining factor in these cases; allows that one may be saved though believing fundamental error, and *cogitare* not the actual truth.

Indeed, still later in his argument (page 155), Dr. W. admits in so many words that "Jesus applies the divine law directly to the heart, and lays its obligations on the movements of the will—teaching explicitly that wrong thoughts and wrong feeling, regardless of external, overt acts, are virtual transgressions against God." But what, now, becomes of his doctrine that it is not sincerity, but *what one believes*, that is to determine our eternal welfare? If, truly, it is really what one *wills*, what he means, what he intends, that determines character, and it is character that determines destiny, then it follows undeniably that this whole issue in question does turn absolutely on sincerity.

The fallacy into which this author has thus fallen, though glaring, is yet a common, a popular one. The writer has heard it glibly and confidently repeated by many a preacher, and not long since even by a doctor of divinity; affirming that every faith, however sincerely held, if unsupported by the actual truth, is worthless as a ground of acceptance with God; and then illustrating his position by appealing to familiar facts within the domain of physical nature—a man's mistaking poison for medicine, for example. The fallacy is based on the assumption of an analogy between the physical and spiritual kingdoms. Strictly speaking, there is absolutely no analogy between them—between the kingdom of physical nature and the kingdom of moral or responsible character. The distinctive earmark of one is the *law of cause and effect*; that of the other, *motive*—volition, intention, purpose. A man drinks poison. As a physical being the law of cause and effect makes short work with him. It stops to ask no questions as to who to blame in the premises. As a moral being no law of cause and effect can reach him. He is now on another and altogether higher plane. Hence everything turns on character; and character turns on intention. Was this thing done intentionally or otherwise—accidentally or purposely? Destiny here hangs on that certain mysterious, invisible, fearful something we call *sincerity*.

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The learned Doctor, meanwhile, in the course of his discussion, crosses his own track and evinces somewhat of

him?" Looking upon the great truths of religion, in which God has globed the light of the spiritual universe, our souls would be crushed with the sense of their own insignificance did not the revelation of our property in these celestial glories transfigure while it awes us.

A Jewish boy in Germany, David Mendel, was permitted much vision through the open tomb of Jesus—the resurrection fact becoming a window through which his soul looked out upon this new world. Such a change did the vision work in his feelings, his motives, and character, that he called himself a new man, or, using Greek words instead, "Neander," which we recognize as the name of the great historian of the Christian Church. Every believer is, as the apostle says, a new creature in Christ Jesus, though most of us Christians are too dull of heart to notice it. Paul figures the change wrought as a resurrection from the state of death: "Ye are risen with Christ." But ordinarily we still live within the tomb, though the stone of popular unbelief has been rolled away, and with the napkin upon our faces though our eyes have been opened. Therefore the apostle's injunction: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

I am sure every one feels at times a passionate longing to live, in thought and affection, in motive and hope, above this world. Without such an experience we will always be sadly lacking in the answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" and "Is life worth living?" is the determining factor in these cases; allows that one may be saved though believing fundamental error, and *cogitare* not the actual truth.

On the other hand, living in respect to spiritual and eternal things imparts their dignity and importance to even the commonplace events of this life. Each good deed wins, under God's gracious provision, a perennial reward. A cup of cold water poured out heavenward in an act of Christian charity becomes a fountain whose flow will gladden the love in all the hereafter. As with a minute angle in the instrument we measure spaces insensibly vast in the material heavens, so our words and actions, though they may seem to trifling, are, in the principles they involve, angles of character, and define great powers of destiny; for, in respect to all the outgrowths of our lives, it is true, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again." Success will be the life of every one, though now poor and unknown, who feels the sublimity of spiritual things and lives in view of them. As the tides, the mighty pulse-beats of the ocean, are parts of it, so every life should feel these tides of the eternal world, the infinite pulsations in all our earthly purposes, and thus partake unconsciously of their infinite greatness.

A Christian philosopher of Germany, after a vicissitudinous and troubled career, as he was entering those days of which most men with the sense of decaying energy say: "I have no pleasure in them," feeling the rising tide of the spiritual within him, wrote: "Never shall the genial courage of life desert me; what gladdens me now shall gladden me ever. My imagination shall continue lively and my will unbroken, and nothing shall force from my hand the key which opens the mysterious gates of the upper world; and the fire of love within me shall never be extinguished. I will not look upon the dreading weakness of age; I pledge myself to supreme contempt of every toil which does not concern the true end of my existence, and I vow to remain young forever. The glory I shall seek is to know that my aim is infinite, and yet never to pause in my career."

Lieverme Falls, Me.

CHEERING WORDS ABOUT THE MILLION.

Bishop Ninde writes: "I have just closed my second Conference. Both Conferences are on the million-dollar line. Interest at blood heat. Black Hills mission more than doubled its last year's contribution. West German averaged 80cts. per member. Dr. Butler was here, and did veteran service. The very sight of him is a glowing appeal. Up with the banner, and keep it up! Yours in every good work."

Rev. C. V. Anthony, presiding elder of Stockton district, California Conference, writes as follows: "You asked Stockton district for \$1,336 as our share of the million you propose to raise for missions this year. We have done it, and have nearly \$20 to spare for other fields that come short. This was grandly done when we remember that the crops are only about one-fourth the average owing to the great drought and the grasshopper plague."

Northern cyclones, droughts, tornadoes, nor grasshoppers can hinder the raising of this million.

Dr. Butler, who is in the West attending Conferences, writes: "The collection for the North Nebraska Conference last year was \$583. This year it is \$1,005—an increase of \$422 over last year, and \$100 above the apportionment of the million-dollar line."

"The West German Conference gives us \$3,169 this year—an increase of \$325 over last year; an average of 80cts. per member."

Rev. J. G. Evans, presiding elder of the Kankakee district, Central Illinois Conference, after consultation with his preachers, announced his district as sure for the million-dollar line.

Rev. C. W. Marcus, Iowa, writes: "You have undoubtedly heard of our tornado, which demolished our church, June 14. We have a new one up, and will be ready for dedication the middle of

The Sunday School.

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON II.

Sunday, October 11.

2 Kings 7: 1-17.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA.

I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God" (Luke 18: 27).

2. DATE: About B. C. 890.

3. PLACE: Samaria.

4. CONNECTION: The siege of Samaria.

A great effort was made at last by Benhadad to retrieve his uniform failures in the past. Collecting the whole force of his kingdom, he once more besieged Samaria. Closely investing it, his troops, looking down from the neighboring hills, could see the misery of the citizens, who were long become terrible. . . . Elisha urged resistance to the uttermost, but Benhadad, who had been taken ill, however, yielded by overreaching a dispute in which two women wrangled about killing and eating their infants, instead of blaming his own character and weak rule, vowed vengeance on Elisha. King as he was, he had fasted and worn sackcloth next his skin, at the prophet's words, and yet they had come to nothing. The author of such misery should die. An attendant was therefore sent to Elisha's house with orders to behead the prophet. But Elisha's servant, who had been sent to the city, who were with him, said, "Behold, the door is shut; and it is dark; and it is raining; go and meet me at Jordan, and bring me back my master." Elisha's servant did so, and broke out in his excitement with the words, "What good is there in waiting any longer for deliverance from Jehovah?" But the answer was none the less calm and truthful: "To-morrow, about this time, plenty will reign in Samaria" (Geikie).

II. Introductory.

The beleaguered city was reduced to a desperate strait. In their hunger-pangs even mothers had become worse than raging beasts, devouring their own children. In vain had the prophet promised deliverance. In vain had the king put on sackcloth. His patience gave way finally. Elisha paid no heed for his futility with his own head—so he vowed. The soldier was despatched with the fatal order. The king hurried after. But he did not find the tragedy he expected. The executioner had been denied admittance, and when the king entered he found the prophet sitting in the midst of the elders of the city unruled. His angry complaints were met with a "Thus saith Jehovah," and the prediction that flour and biley should be sold on the next day in the gate of Samaria at the nominal price—an almost incredible prophecy, seeing that at that time an ass's head was worth fourscore pieces of silver, and a "cab of doves" dung" five pieces of silver. The scoffing nimbeman on whose hand the king leaned, smirkingly answered that to do that Jehovah would have to open the silences of heaven and pour down the grain Deluge-wise. "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes," retorted the prophet, "but shalt not eat thereof." On that same day at sundown, four lepers, who dwelt beneath the wall, preferring to take the risk of death at the hands of the Syrians to being starved in their huts, stole down to the enemy's camp. To their surprise they found no pickets, and on entering the lines, they found them, and were on the point of surrounding them, they abandoned their camp in inglorious flight. First satisfying their own hunger and gathering their own share of booty, the lepers communicated the good tidings to the city. The king suspected a ruse, but sent out two war chariots to reconnoitre. They found the way towards the Jordan littered with the impediments of the enemy. On hearing the joyful news verified, the famished people rushed to the camp to feast themselves and pillage, and found that the word of the Lord had indeed been fulfilled. Nor did the second prediction fail: The mocking nobleman, stationed at the gate by the king, was trampled beneath the feet of the people in their eager onset. He saw the plenty, but did not eat thereof.

III. Expository.

1. Doubt (1, 2). Then Elisha said to King Jehoram, who, rendered desperate, but not truly penitent, by the protracted famine and suffering, had sent an executioner to behead Elisha, and then had come himself to the prophet's house to see whether his order had been executed. The executioner had been barred out, but the king seems to have gained an entrance. He angrily declared that Elisha's God was the cause of all this evil. Further resistance to the enemy, further waiting for Jehovah to deliver, was useless: "Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" Hear ye the word of the Lord—a calm and solemn preface. To-morrow about this time.—The horrors of the siege were to last but twenty-four hours longer. A measure of fine flour.—The "measure," or scale, contained about a peck and a half. Sold for a shekel—the weight, not the coin, equal to about fifty-six of our cents. From the Hebrew word *shakel*, to weigh, comes our English word "scale." Two measures of barley—three pecks. In the gate—the customary market, or place of trade.

To show the extremities to which the people were reduced from scarcity of food, it is stated that an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of doves' dung for five pieces of silver! If such were meant, the ass's head must have fetched nearly ten pounds of our money (\$4), and half a pint of "doves' dung" twelve shillings and sixpence (\$2.75). The ass was a tame animal, and its flesh therefore was not allowed to be eaten; but necessity knows no law. The head of the ass is, besides, the worst part to eat (Keil).

2. Then a lord—more exactly, "the captain," the term itself, *shabash* (*shabash* "three"), may be compared with the Latin *tribunus* ("Rawlinson"). On whose hand the king leaned—a confidential counsellor, therefore. So the king of Syria leaned on the hand of Naaman (chap. 5: 18). An-ward—derisively and skeptically. If the Lord would make windows in heaven, etc., Rawlinson paraphrases as follows: "If Jehovah were to open skies in heaven, and pour down tears, how angry and again despairing, now truthful and again distrustful, he never rises above a character of indecision, changeableness, and contrasted dispositions. It was indeed better that his father Ahab, but he was still a true son of his father (Ahab)."

3. Victim on UNBELIEF. A vessel named the "*Thetis*" was cruising in the Mediterranean, in search of a ship said to exist beneath the treacherous waters. The captain, after he had got all the means he thought necessary, having failed, abandoned the enterprise, declaring that the reported danger was all a dream. An officer on board proposed a different judgment, went out by himself afterwards on an expedition into the same latitude and longitude, and discovered a reef, which he reported to the Admiralty. It was inserted in the charts, and the discoverer was rewarded with a high appointment. The intelligence came to the captain's ears; he would not believe in the discovery. He was a shrewd, clever, practical man, but unscientific, incredulous, obstinate. "The while thing is a falsehood!" he exclaimed. "If ever I have seen aught like this!" told the *Thetis* to her crew. "I swear I would sail over that spot the first chance I had, and I'd do it!" He went down into the cabin, told the crew the news, and said, "Well! if you men do what we shall have passed the spot!" Taking up his watch he said, "Oh, the time is past! We have gone over the wonder-uh reef!" but presently a starting touch was felt, and the ship struck, then sank.

The ship沉没了。The crew managed to save themselves by clinging to the hull, and the captain, who had predicted the disaster, perished with the rest.

4. Let some take five of the horses that remain—The word "some" is inserted by the translators. "Horses" are understood, by Keil, to stand for horsemen. The idea seems to be, Let,

off, but shall never taste of it; for they forfeit the benefit of the promise, if they cannot find it in their heart to take God's word (Henry).

2. Despair (3, 4).

3. Four leprosy men at the . . . gate.—It seems to have been customary to erect huts for the lepers under the wall outside the town, and not far from the gate. This effectually separated them, and yet gave an opportunity for them to see the tides of life passing in and out and appeal to the compassionate. At the present day the lepers at Jerusalem have their huts by the side of the Zion Gate" (Keil).

When we are here until we die?—Evidently they must die unless they beat themselves. There was no food for them in the city. God used their hunger-pangs as a link in His providential chain, though they knew it not. If we say, etc. How vividly is set before us their terrible earnestness, and the motives for the decision they took! There was death before them if they wanted death; if they entered the city; and they could not meet anything worse than death if they went to the Syrians; perhaps they might be saved alive. Let us fall unto—attempt to join.

According to Jewish tradition these four lepers were Gehazi and his three sons. If this tradition is trustworthy, it would explain how, immediately after the relief of Samaria, Gehazi had found, in close converse with the king of Israel, to whom he relates "the great things that Elisha hath done" (2 Kings 8: 4, 5). Otherwise it would seem strange that Jordan should be holding personal intercourse with a leper, when, even during the straitest siege, lepers had been excluded from the city (Gray).

3. Discovery (5-15).

4. Rose up in the twilight—After with a rush would these famine-stricken people pass through the gates and descend the hill to the camp! Spotted the tents—plenty to eat now and abundant booty. According to the word of the Lord—Incredible as Elisha's words had sounded, they were literally fulfilled.

5. The people went out.—With what a rush would these famine-stricken people pass through the gates and descend the hill to the camp! Spotted the tents—plenty to eat now and abundant booty. According to the word of the Lord—Incredible as Elisha's words had sounded, they were literally fulfilled.

6. The king appointed the lord . . . to have charge of the gate—probably to inspect the body that was brought in, or to collect the taxes. The people trod upon him.—In a time like that the people could not be restrained by any attempt at petty exactions. Whoever got into their way must expect to be trampled down. In the excited rush and pressure, a man once down would have no chance for his life. As the man of God had said, who spoke, etc.—literally, "as the man of God had said, as he had said when the king came to him" (Rawlinson).

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON,
MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1885.

The cause of Christ. What a cause! How all other interests of time dwindle before it! What are you doing to defend and sustain it? Are you doing all you honestly believe you ought? Are you doing one half which is your privilege and duty for a cause so great, important and glorious? Do you purpose still to live in such fearful neglect of life's great work? Do you purpose to die in the way you are now living? Pause and think what the end will be. The day of reckoning is near at hand; and then—what? Think of the unfaithful and unprofitable servant, and what was said to him by the Master. Oh, arise, shake off your slumbers, gird yourself anew for the work, give your whole being to the cause, and the reward of the good and faithful servant shall be yours forever!

Opportunities for self-improvement and usefulness lie along the paths of men like flowers growing by the wayside. But he who wills to profit by them must pluck and use them, because they are as the roses of which Bryant is singing:

"If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand."

Alas! how many neglected opportunities lie, like faded foliage, in the past of every human life. One cannot return without blushes of shame and sighs of regret. But sight cannot make them other than lost opportunities. Yet, if one's regret be honest, it will be a spur to the faithful use of such opportunities as still lie about one's path, and concerning which the voice of Inspiration is saying, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

Motes and earth-worms burrow and thrive in darkness under the ground, but men are so made that light is essential to their lives and happiness. Hence no man shutteth out the light of heaven from his dwelling. Yet there is in many a moral insanity which moves them to resolutely close their souls against that divine light which is as essential to their mental peace and joy as sunlight is to their bodily well-being. They prefer walking in darkness and tramping on truth and duty to walking in the light and enjoying that forgiveness of sin and that cleansing from all unrighteousness to which divine light leads. O self-blinded souls! Who can estimate what their folly costs them here? Who can even imagine what it will cost them in the hereafter? Milton pictures the present difference between one who walks in the light and one who walks in darkness in these expressive lines:—"He that has light within his own clear breast

May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day; But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts, Brightened walks under the dimmest sun; Himself is his own dungeon!"

Would the self-blinded man see what awaits him in the hereafter? Let him study Christ's picture of the rich man and Lazarus as they were after death!

It is a significant fact that the salutations of two of the nations most remote from Christian influence, contain, the one an assertion, the other an intimation, of two of the essential principles of the Christian system. The Russian and Asiatic Tartar, as they extend their hands in greeting, say: "All mankind are brothers." The Lapp, isolated within the Arctic Circle, subdued by a stronger race, by whom he is deceived and oppressed, asks of the stranger at the fair, to whom he sells his fish and reindeer: "Is peace still maintained on the earth?" The Tartar has no subjective knowledge of Christianity. The Lapp may have been compulsorily baptized; but the priest who compelled him, and the merchant who enslaves him, intercept his view of the Prince of Peace, and prevent his conception of the religion whose legend is: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Yet the day is at hand when the messengers of this Prince will be in the path of the Tartar and the Lapp. To the former they can say: Yea, verily. Our Lord said to His disciples and to the multitude: "All ye are brethren." When on earth, His endearing appellation to those

healed was, "Son, Daughter." It behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, the First-born among many such; and we are heirs, joint-heirs with Him, the Elder Brother; for He is not ashamed to call us brethren. From the beginning His disciples have constituted a household of faith and of God—one family in heaven and earth. We are exhorted to unforgiven love of our Christian brethren; and our love for them is a proof that we have passed from the kingdom of evil into the kingdom of good. To the latter they can say: Yes, His kingdom is coming. The nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks; they shall not lift their swords against one another, neither shall they learn war any more. They shall no more hurt nor destroy. The whole earth shall be at rest. They shall break forth into singing. The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. This people shall dwell in a peaceful habitation, in sure dwellings, in quiet resting-places. The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One. Great shall be the peace of His children. Love, joy, peace, are the fruits of His Spirit. Peace gives unto us; it is to keep our hearts and minds; and we are to have peace among ourselves. The God of peace is to sanctify us wholly. He is our Peace.

There is no gift nor virtue that is not included in the Christian life, and recognized in the Christian system. Christ draws all men unto Him by virtue of specific spiritual attraction. The particular good that resides in them, their tribe, their race finds affinity with the like good in Him; and thus He is the Son of Man, to whom every nation and people acknowledge a moral kinship.

THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The public library is now becoming the favorite posthumous beneficiary of our men of wealth. It has hardly been esteemed heretofore respectable in the vicinity of Boston for a man of fortune to die without leaving a bequest to Harvard University and the Massachusetts General Hospital. The city and town library, however, is now sharing liberally in these generous appropriations. The college requires too considerable a sum in our days to be often adequately endowed by one patron, but the library can be established, and be quite amply appointed, from the accumulations of one public-spirited citizen, and be made to his most permanent and honorable monument.

Every town of any size in our New England and Northern States either has, or will soon have, this people's university, through the individual gift of a generous citizen, or by public establishment. This general gathering of large bodies of books, in all our principal towns, opened freely to all ages, can but produce a manifest influence for good or evil in the community. The familiar and forcible response to the objection made to the establishment of so many small colleges in the land rather than to a concentration of money and talent in a few abundantly endowed institutions, is, that the "freshwater institutions," so called, bring the opportunities for a liberal culture near to thousands who would not otherwise be prompted to make the incident sacrifices to secure an advanced education. The immediate presence itself of the institution is an inspiration to study. So the presence of these numerous libraries, with their wide-opened doors and their attractive shelves, becomes a powerful incentive to those who otherwise would hardly think of seeking enjoyment or profit in reading. The statistics of these city and town libraries fully confirm this *a priori* presumption as to their influence in awakening and cultivating an interest in books among all classes in the community.

And this influence of books is a very powerful one. It is more subtle than human companionship. The latter strongly affects and moulds the character; but books reach us at lower depths; they impress our whole being—intellect, heart and executive purpose; they imperceptibly create, or modify, our ethical standards; they become our models of life; they lay hold of our highest and most sacred sentiments, and color our views of the life beyond. It can be, when the circulation of these volumes reaches nearly all our families, and enters into the thoughts and impulses of every day of the year, that magnificent results for the better or the worse should follow. Many have been honestly anxious in reference to the result of the experiment. The public press has sent out serious forebodings from the pens of those who have taken depressing views of the matter, and alarming tracts have been published, giving distressing criticisms upon the contents of certain libraries, the nature of special volumes found upon the shelves, and the amount of circulation of works of fiction of not the most elevating or even wholesome character.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

It was one hundred and fifty-three years ago that George Washington was born. At that time, and ever before that time, every human being now living on earth, was not. Of all the four hundred millions, more or less, at present inhabiting this planet, not one of them was then born. Also, it may be reasonably supposed that but few of these countless millions could be obtained in both Houses of Congress and in our State Legislatures for the passing of prohibitory legislation and securing the submission to the people of constitutional

amendments. Mr. Blair's speech was very ably reasoned and produced a strong impression upon the audience.

Miss Frances E. Willard's address at the Centennial Conference in Philadelphia was, as might have been expected, a thoughtful and eloquent one, strongly impressing the audience. She gave a rapid sketch of the astonishing change in public sentiment in the century, the positive results which have been gained, the relation of the reforms to all the advances in all departments of knowledge and society, and the imminent steps now logically before the movement. Nothing short of probation now can be endorsed—the saloon must go. Certain party changes with varied platforms she thought to be at stake. Woman's vote, securing the well-ordered State on the model of the well-ordered home, she believed, would be found indispensable. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty has a woman's form and depicts his mother's face. It will be lifted to its pedestal before the close of our first temple century, and will symbolize liberty according to law.

Job, however, was a solitary example, and seemed to have cursed the day in which he was born, and said that the self-same day had perished—could have dropped out of the calendar, never to be numbered among the days. Also, Jeremiah once wrote: "Cursed be the day when I was born!" We could wish that the old prophet did not write those dreadful words of himself, but we could never tell satisfactorily his meaning. The reader does not forget the very mournful declaration of Christ relating to poor Judas Iscariot. He was a fallen man; and to the remaining eleven said the Master: "It had been good for that man if he had never been born!"

These simple statements affectingly remind us of that remarkable passage of Voltaire, giving expression to his wish that he had never been born. Such was his language as he approached the close of his life; and he then proceeded to add: "Who can, without horror, consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it abounds, also, with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is, without pity, pursued and torn to pieces through the earth and air and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils; and is, at last, devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative. All other animals have it not. He spends this transient moment of his existence in diffusing the misery he suffers, in cutting the throats of his fellow creatures for pay, in cheating and being cheated, in robbing and being robbed, in serving that he might command, and in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble, in view of this dreadful picture, to find it contains a complaint against Providence itself; and I wish I had never been born!"

Haliburton, on the other hand, is in full view of death. "Oh, blessed be God that I was born!" said he: "I have a father and mother and ten brothers and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. Oh, there is a telling in this Providence, and I shall be telling it forever. If there be such a glory in His conduct toward me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of the throne? Blessed be God that ever I was born!"

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Also, with the great apostle, to be born, or not to be born, was not a question. "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." He is ready to be offered. No wishes for non-existence are with him. Luminous and gay are his joyous remembrances: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Glancing onward, there was no dread of something after death," no scruples about some "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A large audience gathered in Tremont Temple last Tuesday evening to listen to ex-Governor Long and Senator Blair of New Hampshire, and all present were well repaid for their attendance. Senator Blair had his subject well in hand. He referred in opening to the progress of the cause during the century, to the enormity of the evil still impending—its amazing statistics to-day. As to what is to be done next, he urged that the same moral and social agencies which have been so successful, we to be earnestly pressed to continue their efforts. Happily public opinion has been convinced of the ruinous influence and unmitigated evil of rum-drinking and the traffic in it. This the past has done for us. "The demon has been tried and condemned in the highest court—the court of public opinion," and the traffic is doomed and shall be destroyed. The work of the execution of this penalty is now assigned to us. The Senator went on to show the absolute inefficiency, as well as immorality, of lies, and urged that even State prohibition was not adequate to the care of the evil. There must be national prohibition also. He affirmed that if the temperance sentiment of the land was true to itself and properly developed, insisting upon pledged men as its candidates for office, a two-thirds Congressional vote for national prohibition could be easily secured in Congress. He deprecated the movement of a third party as offering no promise of securing at an early day any adequate representation in Congress, while by working through the great existing parties, forcing into their ranks prohibitory men, watching the preliminary meetings for this purpose, a majority of prohibitory men could be obtained in both Houses of Congress and in our State Legislatures for the passing of prohibitory legislation and securing the submission to the people of constitutional

amendments. Mr. Hunt's speech was very ably reasoned and produced a strong impression upon the audience.

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Admiral Ammen has a capital paper of recollections of Grant. There is a symposium of friendly and critical writers upon the "President's Policy," and a number of short comments upon previous communications.

The under-ocean telegraph announces the death of the truly venerable and revered Earl of Shaftesbury. He bore the divine, as well as the human, stamp of nobility. He was born the first year of the century. For a long period he had stood as the conspicuous British representative of all the broadest and most humane of the charitable and moral institutions of the land. His palace has been open and his countenance given, in aid of every enterprise that promised to benefit his fellowmen at home and abroad. Here, just after the issue and early success of "Uncle Tom," Mrs. Stowe found a hearty recognition. He has been a standing presiding officer in the popular Exeter Hall meetings for the benefit of all forms of Christian charity and reform. His name, as embossed on the generous deeds and tender sympathies, has been long known in all portions of the earth. It is a blessed record of consecrated services, in one of the highest circles in human society, that this devoted nobleman is enabled to leave behind him. His full title is Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church will open its session for 1885 at the Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York city, on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 10 a. m.

Bishop Foss said at the Ia's Des Moines Conference, that, in a Northern Conference he once held, which had under its pastoral care but 2,200 members, the pastors reported 2,400 subscribers to their church paper. This wonderful result was secured by each pastor making an earnest effort to place a copy in every Norwegian family, whether in or out of the church.

The "Chautauqua Idea" is a constant evolution. There is no immediate limit to its possibilities. It was first organized Saturday school convention; then it became a Sunday school-nominal institute; soon it developed into a great reading school, stretching through the year and embracing the whole country; and later it has grown into the proportions of a popular university, covering all departments of knowledge, and carried on by correspondence under expert teachers, with examinations and graduating diplomas. One of its latest literary devices is the establishment of a publishing press bearing its name, availing itself of the abundant material resources and rare excellence of execution of the printing establishment of Rand, Avery & Co., in this city. Among the earliest instalments of its publications is the "Chautauqua Idea" by Lucy Crane, with introduction by C. G. Waite, of the Springfield Republican; and "The Life and Works of Michael Angelo," by Charles Christopher Beck. This is an admirable selection for the cultivation of a literary taste, as well as very attractive and inspiring in itself. The volumes are 16mo, from 200 to 270 pages, and are sold for \$3 a set. The issue is called the "Garnet Series," and will be followed by other equally interesting and instructive books. The publishing house of Rand, Avery & Co., have executed their portion of the work in a manner amply worthy of the high reputation already won by their superior professional skill.

Bishop Malalieu left town Tuesday, the 29th, to attend his fall Conferences in the Southern States. He will return to present at the meeting of the Missionary Committee, in New York in November. His address from this time however, will be, 65 Natchez St., New Orleans, La. Letters sent to him will be forwarded to him wherever he may be.

The annual meeting of the National Prison Association will be held this year in the city of Detroit, Mich. It will open Oct. 17, and continue through the 21st. A full and very interesting programme of exercises has been arranged, covering all the practical questions in prison economy and discipline, and involving some that are now of peculiar importance, like contract labor and the employment of prisoners. Leading experts and professional and public men have been engaged to read papers and deliver addresses. The occasion will be of great interest. Any information desired can be obtained of R. V. W. Round, secretary, 65 Bibb House, New York city.

The Art Amateur for October has for its frontispiece a striking crayon study of a "Mother and Child," by Lorito. A large space is given in the art notes to the remarkable collection of pictures belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. Mary J. Morgan, which is soon to be sold at auction. A list of her pictures, costing more than a million of dollars, is given. There is a paper on the Boston Art Museum, and one upon "How to Paint Architecture," with the usual variety in the various departments of household art.

We had a pleasant call from Rev. T. W. Smith, editor of the *Wesleyan*, the eastern organ of Canadian Methodism. The paper is edited with marked ability, the editor showing fine skill and excellent taste in giving the striking thoughts gleaned from his exchanges. We are glad to know that the paper is appreciated by our brethren of the Division, as it certainly ought to be.

Congratulations are in order for the young man who so promptly and faithfully sends out *ZION'S HERALD* from the mailing room every week. A handsome card informs us that Mr. Perley H. Hadley and Miss Mary L. Joy were married on Wednesday, Sept. 23, by Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon. The young people who recited the achievements of the century had a short and happy life, and died in their prime. Dr. Gordon is the pastor of the First Church (Unitarian), although neither the church nor its minister is connected with the Unitarian Association. He is now a man of noble and attractive presence, a fine scholar, of marked literary taste, a pleasing speaker, gathering around him a cultivated audience who were greatly attracted to him. He died in the prime of his maturity—66 years of age—and his loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of personal and denominational friends.

Senator H. W. Blair, of New Hampshire, said to an inquirer of the *New York Tribune*, that he proposed to bring forward in the Senate during the coming session his old hobby—education and prohibition. He also in mind that it was his purpose to make life a burden to the Republican party for the next six years by his persistence in forcing it to take high ground upon these vital measures. Tens of thousands in the country will pray for his abundant success in this important work.

Rout & Tinker issue a striking plate of Noah Webster, "The Schoolmaster of the Republic," with illustrations from his first edition of the dictionary which he published, and a view of the last edition of his notable spelling-book issued from the press of the Appleton's for a background. It will be a fine and appropriate ornament for the school-room.

The *Sanitarian* for September has an article by Dr. Richardson upon "The Hygienic Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption." Sir Henry Thompson writes upon "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity"; Dr. W. T. Parker, U. S. Marine Service, shows "The Necessity of Pure Bovine Virus"; Dr. W. H. Watkins has a valuable article upon "Cholera, its Past and Lessons for the Present." There is a timely article upon "Rags"—national and international danger from them; with an excellent editor's table.

In the *North American Review* for October, Cardinal Manning has an outspoken defense of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in his disclosures of inhuman crimes in England. Ex-Senator Washburne has a very interesting article upon Abraham Lincoln, which is to be continued. E. P. Whipple has a critical and very kindly essay upon "George Eliot's Private Life"; Gen. B. F. Butler a short chapter upon the proposal of his name for Vice-President in '64. There is a severe criticism upon McClellan's Virginia campaign. W. W. Astor has a straightforward paper

It is far the pleasantest water to the taste, and the best table water that Saratoga manufactures in the wonderful elasticity of nature and its growth. Every day, in the season, almost unbroken rows of carriages and processions of pedestrians are seen moving along the broad street from the hotels to this spring — about a mile distant. It is a comfort that it can be brought home with you in carefully-filled bottles. Its excellence occasions much artificial imitation, which is found in many of our streets. Some of this is the real article, but one is sure of it by seeing to the fountain-head for a box of it. The address is the Saratoga Vichy Spring Company, C. D. Thurber, superintendent, Saratoga, N. Y.

The *Methodist Times* (London) most vigorous critics and denounces the haste and severity of the government in prosecuting Mr. Stedman, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his heroic Christian fellow-laborers, for a possible technical breach of the law in attempting to unravel the awful crimes committedly of the society, while the vile seducers in high social positions, and the inhuman profligies, are permitted to go scot-free. A certain class attempts to drown the movement, or lift hands in holy horror at the villainies of the public moralists, and they find some sympathy on this side of the Atlantic. But the religious moved, and the master will not be permitted to do away until adequate defences of youth, ignorance and virtue are established, and such punishment is devised for such brutal

The Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Boston Preachers' Meeting. — Rev. D. H. Elia, D. D., presided. Rev. F. Woods conducted the devotional exercises. Mr. Henry Chase, agent for the Society for the Prevention of Crime, addressed the meeting. Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton spoke on the subject of "How to reach the non-church going masses." His address was listened to with great interest. At its close Rev. Dr. Twombly was invited to speak upon the subject two weeks hence. The matter of the pressing needs of the S. wedish missionaries of Boston and Gloucester was presented, and a liberal subscription made.

Boston. — The Congregationalist says of a series of discourses now being delivered on Sabbath afternoons in Tremont Temple: —

Athol. — The convention of the Central Massachusetts S. S. Union, held in Athol, was well attended. Dr. Dorchester presided, and opened the convention by a consideration of the topic, "The Supreme Object of the Sunday-school." Rev. H. Lunn's followed with an interesting address on "How to Ask Questions in Teaching," which he illustrated by turning the whole congregation into a class for the study of the first four verses of 2 Cor. 12. An interesting programme was followed out, and the day closed with the delightful celebration of the silver wedding of the pastor, Rev. P. M. Vinton, described in last week's HERALD.

Brockfield. — The Moody union meetings held in the Town Hall were well attended during the two days of services held by the great evangelist. Three meetings each day were led by him, at most of which he preached with great earnestness and power. He was assisted by Mr. Charles E. Parker, of London, who sang several solos. Some thirty persons requested prayers for themselves during the meeting.

Graniteville. — Mrs. Rev. J. H. Thompson, wife of the pastor, has been very ill for several weeks, but is now convalescent. A note from Bro. Thompson expresses great thankfulness at her promising improvement. He also refers to the loss the society has sustained in the removal of two families which have been of great influence in the church — Bros. David C. Harris and J. B. Wilson.

Gloucester. — Rev. Wm. F. Lawford, pastor of Bay View Church, was married on the 8th inst. to Miss Annie Gertrude Hill, of South Braintree. The wedding took place in the church, and was a very pleasant affair. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The service was performed by Rev. Geo. E. Brightman, assisted by Rev. W. L. Hood. Our heartiest congratulations to the happy couple!

Westfield. — A very large congregation gathered on Sunday evening to listen to a sermon by Rev. E. A. Titus, who in a very able manner showed the fallacies of Ingersollism. His theme was: "Humanity and the Religion of the Book." The arch-infuld had lectured in the town the week previous.

G.

MAINE. — The church at Cape Elizabeth Depot, R. V. F. Grovenor, pastor, is enjoying a good degree of prosperity. The finances are promptly met, and the congregations are good. Five persons have recently been baptized and four received in full connection. Two have recently been received on probation, and one was happily converted last week. Brother Grovenor is expecting to raise their proportion of the million dollars for missions. The Cape Elizabeth Depot charge has always been among the foremost in all good enterprises. How could it be otherwise with Bro. and Sister Nutter among them?

The Brethren will all be pleased to know of the recovery of Bro. Atkins, who was so severely burned a few weeks ago.

Bro. J. K. Blanchard, late of Park St. Church, Lewiston, remembered the church his will, leaving a thousand dollar legacy as a perpetual fund for the support of preaching.

O. W. F. Holmes, of Hallowell, has opened a revival campaign by holding a four days' meeting. The interest is good, and there are fair prospects for a glorious revival.

A Woman's Suffrage meeting was held in Chestnut St. Church, Portland, who was so severely burned a few weeks ago.

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The church edifice at Lincoln has been undergoing repairs, and may now be counted among the beautiful village churches. Sept. 27 is the day fixed upon for re-opening. The pastor, J. H. Irvine, has taken a lively interest in the enterprise, and is much esteemed by the people for his labors of love among them.

The ladies of Mattawamkeag have purchased a new communion service, and also funds have been had to buy for the church a pretty new dress to be put on with a brush.

The Bangor Methodist Preachers' Meeting reorganized last Monday at the residence of the presiding elder. W. T. Jewell was elected president, and W. W. Marsh, secretary. After the organization a very interesting informal discussion was had upon the subject of revival work.

The pastor of this church, Rev. W. T. Worth, commences next Sunday night a series of sermons on "Prominent Bible Characters." The theme of the first is: "The Successful Young Man." A number of new families have, within a few weeks, connected themselves with the church and congregation.

Highland Church. — Bro. Greet, of Somerville, gave a review of the quarter, and a splendid chalk talk on "Nature's Vineyard," at the Sunday-school of this church, last Sunday. The school was the largest since the vacation ended. The pastor of this church, Rev. W. T. Worth, commences next Sunday night a series of sermons on "Prominent Bible Characters." The theme of the first is: "The Successful Young Man." A number of new families have, within a few weeks, connected themselves with the church and congregation.

East Boston Bethel. — Books, magazines, and papers are needed to give to seamen who come to the Bethel from all the great ports of the globe. More than a thousand papers a week are given them. Let all who will help. Please send to Rev. L. B. Bates, East Boston, Mass.

Union Square, Somerville. — The recent appointment of Rev. J. W. Hamilton to this church is beginning to take financial effect. During the last week Mr. Hamilton has secured the reduction of the interest on the entire mortgage upon both the church and parsonage, to five per cent., and on Sunday he stated the fact to his congregation, and said he wanted now to reduce the debt; and he at once received pledges for \$6,000. Of this amount at least \$1,000 will be used in making improvements, and the remainder will go to a reduction of the heavy debt in the Conference seat one.

Mottron. — Last week for the first time in the history of this place the ringing of a bell invited the people to attend church. The church is now thoroughly equipped and still out of debt. Bro. Bartlett's inventive genius furnished the children of the Sunday school with small clay bells, in which they collected about fifty dollars.

Worcester, Grace Church. — Rev. W. A. Gardner has assisted the pastor for the past two weeks in revival labor.

The meetings have been largely attended each evening, and the results are very encouraging. Bro. Gardner is an earnest, sweet-spirited Christian and an effective worker in revival meetings.

Rev. C. Fuller, who has been spending the summer with his daughter at Bridgeport, Conn., has just returned to his home in Augusta with improved health. Bro. Fuller preached several Sabbaths while he was there.

Persons attending the Preachers' Meeting at Brunswick, Oct. 26-28, will inquire for excursion tickets on the Maine Central road. Persons living on the line of the Grand Trunk will receive upon application to Rev. W. L. Luce, Gardner, Me., a certificate entitling them to tickets for fare one way to Lewiston and return.

EAST MAINE.

BUCKSPORT DISTRICT.

Franklin. — In this town Methodism has been growing rapidly for the past two years under the faithful labors of the pastor, C. L. Banghart. Among the things to be pleased with is the fact that he has three Sunday-schools in a flourishing condition, and is using the Catechism of our church, which promises much for Methodism. We wonder if the Catechism is not given its proper place, which is a prominent one, in our Sunday-schools.

Orland. — Presiding Elder Libby recently baptized four persons in this place. The pastor, H. L. McCann, is at our Conference Seminary fitting for Boston University. He is meeting with his usual success on his charge, under God's saving souls.

Bar Harbor. — The pastor, W. Baldwin, has succeeded in raising \$900 toward liquidating the indebtedness on the church property. The pastor and society have had great success all the Conference year thus far in church work.

Machias. — Since this place was last reported, God has wonderfully visited the people, and rising forty-five have sought Christ; and yet the work deepens in interest and increases in power.

North Castine Camp-meeting. — The pastor is the best ever held on the ground. There were fifteen of our most earnest and able ministers present to preach and labor for the salvation of sinners, and as a result scores were saved.

East Machias Camp-meeting. — The writer has attended meetings of this kind from boyhood, but has never witnessed such manifestations of Divine power before. All had as the great end in view the conversion of souls, and from the first meeting God honored His workmen, making them efficient agents to accomplish His will.

West Machias Camp-meeting. — The school opened with a large increase of scholars. There are some forty more than there were the fall term of last year. And what is more encouraging is the fact that all the indications are that this prosperity is but the beginning of great things for this institution. This increase of interest is due largely to the earnest efforts made by our popular principal and his fully as popular assistant teachers to succeed, inspiring as never before the ministers, churches and people at large with a spirit of work.

EZRA.

BANGOR DISTRICT. — Rev. C. B. Besse received fifteen persons into the Union St. Church, Bangor, Sept. 20.

There is a growing interest in the First Church. The Sunday-school and the congregations have been larger during the summer. The pastor, Rev. A. S. Ladd, has received several into the church by letter during the quarter.

The people of Veazie have quite enjoyed employing preachers as a circulating medium, and have engaged Rev. P. J. Robinson, of Orono, to preach to them every Sabbath in the afternoon. Bro. Robinson is now holding special meetings with considerable encouragement, and the prospect for Veazie looks brighter than it has for some time.

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On the evening of Sept. 21, a large company of friends visited Bro. Smillie, the pastor at Mapleton, and increased the delights of the social hour with songs of praise and offerings of the good things with which the Lord had provided.

The M. Methodist church property at Farmington has been greatly improved by the addition of a strip of land from the adjoining lot of Rev. John Allen.

Rev. Theodore Gerrish, by two war lectures given in the interests of his church at Biddeford, netted nearly \$250. Bro. G. is popular in the lecture bureau, and has already delivered several lectures in this part of the State. He is also popular with his people at Biddeford.

The Orchard Beach Camp-meeting Association have decided to keep their property at Old Orchard in their own hands. The Portland district, by a board of managers, took a lease of the grounds to hold their annual camp-meeting. By this lease the Portland district is to have the use of the camp-ground for the third week of August each year for twenty years.

The congregations at Conway Corner, N. H., have doubled since Conference, and every interest in the charge is prospering. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Woodbury, held a service of song last Sunday evening, which called out a large and delighted audience. The society at the Centre are moving in the direction of a new chapel.

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Rev. C. Rogers, of Friendship, has lately baptized five young persons, and received them into the church in his home in Augusta with improved health. Bro. Fuller preached several Sabbaths while he was there.

A protracted meeting is now in progress in Bremen. The meetings began with a good attendance and strong religious influence.

The work of improving the church edifice in Waldoboro' is rapidly advancing, led by Bro. O. Tyler, pastor, who

is nobly sustained in all good works by his church and people.

C. A. P.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Glebe. — The following item was written by an Episcopalian for the N. H. Sentinel, Keene. He was a student of the Wesleyan University, and is well posted in general Methodist history. He is preparing an article to be published previous to the session of the Conference in April next: —

"Rev. S. C. Keefer of the Methodist Church is making preparations for the re-stating of the church edifice, for repairing and re-finishing the plastering inside, and doing other things which are needed, and the ladies of the society have agreed to raise the money needed to newly upholster the pews, etc. The repairs upon the building are much needed. It is estimated that they will cost about \$500. Mr. Keefer started a subscription for raising this money several Sundays ago, and \$250 was at once subscribed. He then learned that there was a floating debt outstanding, for current expenses of the society, amounting to some \$200. A subscription has since been taken up and this debt paid off. He will now proceed to raise the additional money needed for the church repairs, which have already been too long delayed and should be completed this fall. The ladies' society will be obliged to raise some \$250 during the winter for the new upholstery, etc. The church has taken hold of this work with vigor, and is evidently determined to make a success of it. Their undertaking is a worthy one, and should be encouraged. The religious interest is deepening in the church. There have been six conversions; four have been baptized; six have joined on probation; three were forward as seekers on Sabbath evening, Sept. 15, and a large number reconsecrated themselves to the Lord, to do his work."

A new County History — by a strange inadvertence — contains sketches of all the churches of Keene except the Methodist Episcopal. The pastor is now preparing to publish a brief history, and solicits from preachers any facts or dates of interest that may be in their possession.

The new Children's Home at Lawrence was dedicated a few days ago. The address — the full text of which is published in the Lawrence American — was by Rev. C. U. Dunning. It was very fitting that he should give the address, having had so many years of connection with the work among the people of the city. Sister Dunning has been the soul of this enterprise, and also of many another of the same kind in the city. It is a great pleasure to Lawrence people that they continue to live among them, and are interested in their work. What they have done in the past years gives them a name that will live long.

There is a glorious revival going on among the people of Stratford. Something like twenty-five or thirty have manifested an earnest desire to flee from the wrath to come, and quite a number have already found Christ precious to their souls. Rev. G. W. Norris, presiding elder, assisted the pastor, Rev. R. L. Danforth, the week following the Groton camp-meeting, and meetings are being held twice a day by the pastor, assisted by neighboring brethren, and new seekers are at the altar every evening. Surely, the Lord is with us.

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The Family.

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

O Christian! murmur not,
Though earthly joys depart;
Remember who ordains thy changeful lot;
Oh! trust His heart.

Think of the crown of thorn,
Think of the woeful tree,
Think of the shame, the mockery and scorn,
He bore for thee.

See the red drops that start
From feet and hands and side;
Think of the bitter cry, the breaking heart;
For thee He died.

Trust Him through every loss,
Trust Him through every bane;
That loving heart that bore the torturing cross
Daps us all.

In sorrow's darkness d^r
Embrace His blessed will;
Though He should take thy precious things away,
Oh! trust Him still.

Thou knowest not the end,
Thou canst not see thy way;
To Him the path, and whither it shall tend,
Are clear as day.

Be sure His will is right;
Be sure He loves us still;
He leads us upward, through the storm and night,
To Zion's hill.

Then, when thy task is o'er,
When thou art sorrow cast,
Thou findst entrance on that blissful shore
Where all is peace.
—ELLEN WONNACOTT, in *Christian Union*.

IS IT A "NEGLECTED SCIENCE?"

BY A TEACHER.

M. EDITOR: Now that tired school-ma'ms have returned from their summer rest, with renewed souls, minds and bodies for a fresh start, will you please give one of them a chance to "speak in meeting" through your paper? The spirit has been moving me to do so ever since I read in a June number, "The Neglected Science," delivered at the late Commencement of Boston University.

It has come to be a common thing to read, in one form or another, similar statements as to the lack of moral training in the public schools: "Modern educators have legislated for the brain alone . . . What laws have been passed for the heart? . . . They are schooled in the three R's and kindred sciences, but not in righteousness . . . The heart, from which are the issues of life, is left to chance for its instruction . . . the practical educator says, 'We have no time in the public schools for heart culture,' etc."

This same essayist says also: "What are the most urgent practical needs of to-day? What are the laws of trade? Honesty, truth, justice." So that we are left in no doubt as to the meaning of the sentences above. Her complaint against the public schools is, not like that of the Catholics, that they neglect sectarian instruction, but that they neglect "honesty, truth, justice."

I have noticed that articles containing similar charges have, so far as I know, been invariably written by persons of no very widely extended experience or observation in the schools they condemn. When I take up an educational journal I find earnest discussions as to ways and means for carrying on this same heart-culture, in honesty, justice and truth. In the account of the graduating exercises of the Worcester Normal School, I find among the titles of the thirty-three theses presented by the graduating class, the following: "Morals of Young Children," "Gymnastics in Our Schools," "Use of Psychology to the Teacher," "Motives Used in Schools," "Relation of the Teacher to the Morals of the Pupils," "Sully's Suggestions in Regard to Training the Will," "The Study of Children," "Discipline," "The Child and the Human Race," "Ball Play as a School Gymnastic," "School Influence," "Physical Exercise." More than one-third of the whole number of theses relate almost entirely to heart and body culture, and many of the others refer to education in its three-fold signification. Surely, Principal Russell may be called a "practical educator," yet he has evidently never told those thirty-three young women that they would find no time to care for the hearts of their pupils!

In those times of weariness and discouragement that I suppose must come now and then to every one who loves her work and longs for the highest, truest success in it, I have sometimes taken a Saturday morning to visit the Model School of the Framingham Normal School, and I can most thankfully say that I have never failed to renew there that inspiration which opens a teacher's heart in love to her little ones, and which seldom, indeed, fails to meet some response from them. When I have heard the principal of this same Normal School and the principal of its Model School address conventions of teachers, I have wished that pastors and Sunday-school teachers, and Christian fathers and mothers as well, might hear their earnest, loving words.

For ten years I have been a teacher in the public schools of Massachusetts, and during eight years I have taught in crowded buildings, where I have had opportunity of observing the work of many teachers. Although I have never known an instance of sectarian work in school, I have seen much growth in honesty, truth, justice, and that supreme heart grace, charity.

The following are a few cases from many:

One boy, who was possessed by a desire to hurt other children, to such an extent that his mother could not leave him in the room with his baby brother, came to school at the usual school age, five years. His mother said, in my presence, that the physician had told her that the boy's trouble was insanity; that he would not live many years; and that if he should live to enter his teens, they would be obliged to confine him in an insane asylum. The teachers thought that his evil propensities had been aggravated by unwholesome treatment, and they faithfully set themselves to do all in their power to save him. The primary teacher, a woman with a heart full of love and patience, and with several years' experience in primary work, had the task of taking Bertie through the

first three years of his school-life. Can you imagine that task? To bear with a child who had been accustomed to be told, "You don't mind nothin' I say! Why don't ye do as I tell ye?" followed by a thrashing from the father and the remark from the mother, "Well, the doctor says he can't live more'n two or three years."

The teacher's task was to make him feel that she loved him, and yet that he could not take advantage of her love; to be firm and steady and gentle when his eyes glared with what indeed seemed insane rage, and, hardest of all, to teach the other children to pity and love him too, while protecting him from them, and from them! This is a room of forty children.

The boy has been kept in school, and now, in his sixth school-year, is less troublesome than many children I have known. From bidding fair to be a Jesse Pomeroy, it seems probable that he may grow up a responsible, law-abiding citizen. Evil passions, a propensity to steal, and the habit of using the vilest language, have been combated in his case with so much of success, and all the while in spite of the home current of inefficiency and passion.

In the same school, under the same teacher, was a boy who was searched for missing articles, and from his person were taken several things besides those looked for—among them a stolen watch. This was in the primary school. An older brother of the little fellow was in prison for house-breaking. This boy was kept in school seven years, and since then has, as I hear, led an industrious life. During the last two years of his school course he was in my room. One day I missed a curious little weight that he had just received for use in the arithmetic class. I immediately told the children that the little weight was missing. I noticed that Danie's face fell. In a few minutes he asked permission to leave the room, and when he came in he stopped behind my desk and handed me the weight, saying that he found it "out-doors." Was it no gain that the boy conquered his desire to keep the toy, even if he did try to conceal the fact that he took it?

In the same school was a boy whose mother was arrested for stealing. They were of the very lowest Irish. In that school Johnnie learned to love Longfellow's poetry, so that an old copy given him by the teacher was his greatest treasure. Under the teacher's guidance he took from the public library the best books of history and travel instead of broad and murder stories.

Among our new scholars one term was a boy who had been carefully taught at home the usages of polite society, and who was bright and good-natured in school, but whose heart was sadly corrupt. One day the master of the building came into the school-room, and, stopping the work of the school, told the children that he had just received a complaint that on their playground—a vacant lot at a little distance from the school—there had been by at least one of their number—he was afraid by more—a great deal of obscene and profane talk, and that, on that account, the request had come that he should forbid their playing there. Then, kindly, solemnly, they were shown how the sin of a few can bring suffering on many. "I have enjoyed going there with you," said the kind master, "and we have played ball together and had good times, but now we must give that up;" and every child felt the sin the more because the master felt it with them. Then, in few words, they were made to feel, in their childish way, that the deprivation was because of wrong done, and I was glad my children had so soon a lesson. I believe they were a little nearer seeing God for the master's efforts to make and keep them pure in heart.

In another school was a girl who came from the poor-house, and who added to her badness of stealing, lying and profanity, an ugly temper. Flora is now herself a public school teacher, and every particle of help she has had has been received through the public school, the teachers in them, and the public institution which supplied her to the place of parents.

But enough! Let us learn, in the interest of justice, truth and honesty, to make sure of our facts before we condemn. Even granting that the moral instruction in school is left to chance, chance itself is constantly forcing the moral needs of the children to the front, and the most effective teaching is that steady object-training called forth by the needs of every day.

An honest, conscientious teacher cannot fail to impress her own character in some degree on the children; a dishonest teacher will prove a curse to them; and that it is the constant, earnest, prayerful aim of the Framingham Normal School to send honest, faithful teachers into our public schools, I know. I do not doubt it of the other training schools of the United States.

That our schools, with all their imperfections do, as a rule, willingly neglect the mental, moral or physical culture of the children intrusted to them, cannot be honestly said by any one who has closely and carefully observed their work in a sufficient number of cases to warrant a generalization.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY L. W.

Often sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

Yes, Whittier, you are right; and, especially is it true of the late camp-meeting.

Let the preachers and presiding elders chronicle the regrets or rejoicing in regard to the spiritual aspects of the meeting; I only speak of it as relating to the physical man—or woman.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that it might have been a warm, pleasant, breezy, balmy week when we went to the grove, but I certainly keep within truth's bounds when I say that no such style of weather prevailed.

Then, again, we might have carried to camp hoods and tippets, and mittens, furs, and leggings, and arctic over-shoes; we might have carried loads of bedding, blankets and puffs and quits—most of us had them at home safely sequestered from the buffalo bug; we might have added to our baggage soap-stones and sand bags and water bottles, but, alas! such rare providence and forethought belonged to the few. Most of us consulted the almanac and provided ourselves with raiment made of cambic, percale, muslin, and other fabrics supposed to be appropriate to the season. What we suffered no newspaper can tell!

We wore several pairs of hose if our woman would admit; we doubled our underclothing, and wore our outer garments day and night. As one after another froze out and went home, the survivors borrowed their spare clothes and put it on regardless of size or color. One estimable sister sailed round the circle with black skirt, buff polo-nase, cardinal jacket, scarlet stockings, gray shawl, and hat trimmed with light blue! She was resplendent, but not—warm.

"Are you not freezing?" asked one lady of another, who was daring an arctic morning in a white cambric. "No, I froze long ago."

Comforting, indeed, was the sight of those few supernaturally wise mortals who in time of peace prepared for war. One sister drew on a pair of woolen leggings and sat triumphantly through a "whole preaching" without fear of the icy August blast which swept under the seats of the auditorium. Another listened to a sermon through the voluminous folds of the scarlet nubia which she had wound round and round her head. I saw one woman with her hands encased in mittens, and a brother drove on to the grounds in a pair of veritable shags, given him last winter to drive to a distant appointment. Verily, wisdom did not die with Venor!

Most aggravating of all—worse, even, than the thought of the chest full of warm apparel at home—was the sight of the frippery that we brought—muslin dresses, white sacques, fans, parasols, hammocks, and the like. These for the most of the time we kept out of sight as painful reminders of warmer days.

But even this view of the meeting was not wholly discouraging. It was pleasing to see how comfortable we could make ourselves under these adverse circumstances. It taught us many expedients which may yet be useful in our homes, gave us a lively sense of gratitude for the blessing of fire, and proved to us that life was still endurable even in the dim twilight of the summer kitchens with the shutters carefully closed. So we went smiling around, making plans for next summer, which, if carried out, will probably give us a reminder of Shadrach & Co.'s furnace.

My sisters, when you are packing for the next camp meeting, and remembering with a shiver the lessons of 1885, do not entirely forget the teachings of the camp-thermometer of 1884!

CAMP-MEETING.

Asbury Grove, Hamilton.

BY WM. JAMES.

Gather'd 'neath the forest giants,
Nature's temple grand and fair,
Fashioned by our Father's fingers
Into beauty everywhere;

Like God's smile, the silver sunlight
Steals the whispering leaves among,

As from old and young uprise,

Lord, to Thee, our pilgrimage song.

From our homes in various places,

From the world we turn aside,

That we may, in close communion,

With Thee awhile abide;

Manifest Thyself unto us,

Though Thy face we may not know,

Let our hearts, like the disciplines,

With Thy warm love overflow.

Here our fathers often worshipped;

We are left, but some have gone

From this lower room up higher—

Earth and heaven to Thee are one.

May the songs that here we mingle,

Stealing up the heavenly stair,

Blend with voices that we hear not,

In the upper chamber there.

Lord, with Thee upon the mountain,

"It is good" for us to stay,

But the valleys need the toilers,

"We must work while it is day,"

That the harvest may be ready.

When the rasping time shall come,

And the sheaves be safely garnered,

Angels chanting "harvest home."

Our Girls.

THREE RUFFLES AND A PLAINTING.

BY ESTHNE CONVERSE.

My story begins when Miss Pillsbury came into the room wearing a black dress. Miss Pillsbury was my nurse. Patiently and tenderly she had watched over me through a dangerous illness, and now during the weary days of convalescence, she was untiring in her attention to an invalid's capricious fancies. I had so often watched her spare, erect form as it moved quietly about the room, that every peculiarity of outline, feature and dress was familiar. When she fastened her collar with a prim bow instead of the old-fashioned pin, I noticed the change. I knew the cuffs with the square corners, and the cuffs with the round corners; the gray dress with the scanty ruffles and plain over-skirt, and the quaint double gown with its odd colors and large figures; but this black dress I had never seen, and my languid mind was aroused to something like real interest in the new article of apparel.

I counted the ruffles, then the shirtings, and in a vague way tried to estimate the number of times the needle-woman had stitched her weary way around the skirt. It was too much for my weak nerves, and with an involuntary "Oh dear!" I closed my eyes.

Instantly Miss Pillsbury was by my side.

"What is it?" she asked; "is it the sinking feeling or the numbness?"

"It's neither; it's that dress. You didn't do it yourself?"

"Every stitch of it. I ain't proud of it neither; seems it'll never will wear out."

"How could you?" I asked faintly.

"Well, I don't wonder you ask. I wonder myself. But the thing has been a means of grace to me, so 'twon't all misspent time."

"Tell me about it, please. I like to hear you talk," I said, coaxing her with this bit of flattery.

"Do you know?" I asked, smoothing down the ruffles.

"Well, I don't wonder you ask. I mean to put it on regardless of size or color. One estimable sister sailed round the circle with black skirt, buff polo-nase, cardinal jacket, scarlet stockings, gray shawl, and hat trimmed with light blue! She was resplendent, but not—warm."

"How could you?" I asked faintly.

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Farm and Garden.

OCTOBER WORK.

(Taken from the American Agriculturist for October.)

October work tells for all winter. The final harvests of the year are often the most important, and where so large a breadth of grain is sowed as is the case in some sections, the farmers have a full time. The forehanded ones will, however, make time for a play spell, for all hands to go to the fairs.

Early husking of the corn crop should be pushed ahead in the colder parts of the country. This is the more important, because October weather is favorable to the laying on of flesh, and soft corn and nibbles go as far now, as hard corn will next month. We cannot have the soft corn until we are pretty well ahead with the husking.

Do not forget the value of charcoal in the ration of fattening animals—cattle, pigs and poultry especially. Even sheep and horses are benefited by it. Not that it is, properly considered, fattening food, but it aids digestion, keeps the stomach and bowels in prime order, and is not expensive. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and on the principle, an ounce of charcoal is often worth a bushel of hard corn.

Breeding and laying stock need exercise. It is well to go over the harvest, and see just what stock it is possible to winter well, and sell the rest, no matter at what sacrifice, unless you are willing to buy seed.

This year at the East, and along rail-way lines, hay is going to be high. It is so now, hence there will be a good deal of stock for sale cheap.

It will be a good time to buy sheep—thin ewes, which will raise March and April lambs, if served at once, and well cared for.

Bull calves, thorough-breds, will be almost given away, and many of these will be ready for service in April, though more calves now. So the two and three-year-old may better be sent to the butcher, than wintered.

Never use a male of any kind which is not pure blood. This injunction can hardly be too often repeated. The man who does otherwise, takes ten times the risk of disappointment than is necessary.

The men engaged in this business care nothing for the cry of children, the blighted, withered hopes of the wife, nor the anguish of parents' hearts; and they have a strong ally in the appetites already engendered. They will desist from their work of ruin only when the strong arm of compulsion is raised against them. Whether we have right laws, and have them enforced, is a question which must be answered ultimately by some form or other of political action.

The rum power has intruded itself strongly in politics, and served its guns so well that political organizations are ready to make obeisance to it, and court its favor by conceding to it, its political convention. It hears the welcome words: "Have a seat; what can we do for you?" The temperance interest goes to the same convention with a humble petition. It meets with the response, "Temperance people are nice fellows; we are glad you called; good day to you." If the temperance cause is to meet with more than indifferent success, it must compel political respect; it must meet the enemy in his strongholds and force him from them. Thus far temperature men will stand agreed.

But shall the battle be fought through an organization marshaling its forces with the single aim of overthrowing this fearful evil, or through old party organizations? I cannot but feel that it is all-important that the great masses of Christian men should be urged earnestly and candidly to think upon this. I cannot but feel deeply that the facts necessary for forming correct opinions should be laid before them in abundance.

Only when the masses are placed in condition to reach intelligent convictions, can we hope for united and earnest efforts in political as well as in other lines of action.

Can our church papers do a greater service than to throw such light upon the temperance question as will enable the great masses of Christian men to unite in vigorous efforts for the overthrow of a giant evil? Let me ask your readers, as one intensely interested in this question, to consider prayerfully the subject.

J. H. THOMAS.
Haverhill, N. H.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

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Ripe Tomato Pickle.—Gather fine ripe tomatoes and lay them in salt water for one night; then chop a good quantity of onions, and pack them away with the whole tomatoes in a jar; layers of onions and tomatoes, with plenty of pepper, salt, and allspice beaten fine and sprinkled over each layer. When the jar is full, add the vinegar (sweetened or not, as you like), and tie it up.

S. L. BALDWIN.
Haverhill, N. H.

Obituaries.

Mrs. EULALIA MARTY was born in Germany, July 1, 1832, and died in Westford, Mass., May 10, 1885.

Under the labors of the sainted Samuel Tupper at the Meridian Street Methodist Church, East Boston, Sister Martyn and her husband, Mr. Tupper, were converted and converted to God. Unlike her husband, who was ever since active in the church, aggressive and outspoken in his Christian life among men, Sister Martyn was destined to shun the world, and to be a quiet, faithful member.

She was a good wife and mother, having no greater joy than to hear that her children walked in truth.

Though the call of the Master came suddenly, she did not shrink from obeying him, but made her way to the church triumphant.

The rum power steps into a political convention. It hears the welcome words: "Have a seat; what can we do for you?" The temperance interest goes to the same convention with a humble petition. It meets with the response,

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ZION'S HERALD
FOR THE YEAR 1886.
Fifteen Months
FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

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The paper contains an average of forty-two columns of reading matter per week, and costs but 5 cents per number.

Each issue contains a large amount of fresh editorial matter, and also articles from a great variety of pens, affording the most valuable information upon all the important topics of the day, while it never loses sight of the fact that it is a family paper, a religious paper, and a Methodist paper.

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Letters on business should be addressed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
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The Week.

DAILY EDITION OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, September 22.

Resumption of work at the Rock Springs (Wyo.) coal mines; no further trouble anticipated.

Occurrence of a \$100,000 fire in Humboldt, Kansas.

Prevalence of a cholera panic at Palermo, Sicily; fully 30,000 people having fled the city.

Death of 216 persons from small-pox in Montreal during the week ending Sunday night.

Prevalence of anarchy in Albania.

Many lives lost and a vast amount of property destroyed by the severe rains in the southeastern part of Spain.

The Caroline Islands dispute probably to be adjusted without referring it to an arbitrator.

Wednesday, September 23.

Assembly of the New York Republican State convention in Saratoga.

Unveiling of the monument in memory of the late James L. Ridgeley, secretary of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, in Harlem Park, Baltimore, Md.

Opening of the fourth annual American Forestry Congress, in Horticultural Hall, this city.

King Alfonso of Spain seriously ill.

Release of Mrs. Weidorn, who has served her six month sentence in Holloway Jail, London, for libelling Mr. Riviere, manager of the Covent Garden Theatre.

Thursday, September 24.

Ex-Comptroller Davenport nominated for governor at the New York Republican State convention.

The estate of Pierre Lorillard of New York, "The Breakers," at Newport, sold to Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$400,000.

Death in Liverpool, Eng., of Rev. Rufus Ellis, D. D., pastor of the First Church, this city.

Sale of the yacht "Puritan" at auction to a Boston gentleman—Gen. C. J. Paine—for \$12,500.

Heavy gales on the Lakes. Four vessels wrecked at various points on Lake Michigan, the crews being rescued in each case.

The steamer "Humacoo," bound for Nova Scotia, sunk off Grand Manan, and the crew drowned.

Seventeen persons crushed to death by an accident at a concert in Stockholm, Sweden, given by Christine Nilsson.

Friday, September 25.

David B. Hill nominated for governor by the New York Democrats.

Joseph Flieber and his three children, living at Waukegan, Iowa, burned to death at their residence.

The resignation of Dr. J. B. Hamilton as surgeon general of the marine hospital service, not accepted.

Arrival of the schooner yacht "Dauntless," sailing the ocean race with the English cutter "Gentleman," off Sandy Hook lightship near midnight of Wednesday, six hours behind her competitor.

The Roumelian outlook considerably more warlike. Cordial reception of Prince Alexander by the people of Philippopolis. Proclamation of a union of the two Bulgarias by the Bulgarian National Assembly. Voting of \$6,000,000 by Parliament for the purpose of carrying out the unity program.

Kaimal Pacha appointed grand vizier in Turkey to succeed Said Pacha.

Prevalence of a severe gale on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia, washing out railroads, destroying several bridges, and damaging shipping to a considerable extent.

Saturday, September 26.
Property valued at \$100,000 destroyed by fire in three Chicago lumber yards.

Death of Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Serious interruption to railway travel in Mexico caused by the heavy rains. Much damage done to property.

Reconstruction of the Dominion cabinet, some important changes having been made.

Death of "Goldsmith Maid," once acknowledged "queen of the turf," at the age of 28 years.

The Turkish ministry dismissed by the Sultan, and a new cabinet formed.

The rebels defeated at Marabah, according to Ecclesiasticus.

Monday, September 28.

Death of Judge Waldo Colburn at his home in Dedham, Mass., on Saturday.

Four young men living in Begdad, Iowa, robbed of their money by circus men, and seriously injured.

Arrival of the yacht "Puritan" in Marblehead harbor.

A conference to be held at Princeton by the European powers for the adjustment of the Roumelian difficulty.

Consent of the Pops to act as the mediator in the Caroline Islands dispute; all papers relating to the difficulty having been delivered to his holiness.

Large but peaceful demonstration of socialists at Limehouse, London.

[Continued from page 5.]

At Bow, also, there is a good work. The old landmarks are being recovered, and the church filled with people in religious inquiry. Several souls are ready for the baptismal water.

At Hooksett the revival interest is moving on. Several persons rose for prayers on Sunday, Sept. 20.

Concord district is feeling the power of God. May she arise and shine, since her light is come!

VERMONT.

The preachers' meeting at Cambridge for the St. Albans district was specially profitable. A precious revival spirit characterized it from first to last, and the subject of holiness was kept prominently before the meeting.

A union preachers' meeting for the Montpelier and Springfield districts is projected to be held at West Randolph, Oct. 12-14, with an admirable programme, and the brethren pledged to meet their assignments.

The St. Johnsbury district holds its next preachers' meeting at Derby, Oct. 20-22, with a very full and interesting programme.

Bro. J. R. Bartlett is engaged for the present to work for the Grand Lodge of Good Templars in our state. He will devote himself to organizing lodges.

Bro. J. O. Sherburn of Northfield gave an able and practical address before the students of the seminary last Friday evening on the subject of "Self Help."

Bro. F. C. Taplin and wife, of Lumberville, have been visiting among their friends at Corinth and Waitsfield during a short vacation they have been kindly granted by their people. They also made a pleasant call at Montpelier, where their son is pursuing his studies in the seminary.

The church at Pittsfield has been repaired instead of frescoed. It was found that the plastering was so broken it seemed impracticable to make a nice job with paint. It is wonderful how elegant the paper can be made to appear. Bro. W. S. Smithers is earnestly pushing the work with more or less encouragement.

The late quarterly meeting at Grand Isle was an occasion of special interest.

Bro. R. Morgan, the presiding elder, was present and conducted the services with his usual efficiency. Bro. D. P. Bragg, a former pastor, and wife, were also present, which added to the interest of the occasion. They were given a reception by their old parishioners during their visit. They have many warm friends on the island.

Bro. H. K. Hastings, of Gaysville and Bethel Lymus, has responded to a personal invitation from Bro. J. W. Walker, presiding elder of the Fort Dodge district, Northwest Iowa territory. Thus closed one of the best camp-meetings of the year.

All gentlemen who contemplate pur-

chasing new garments for fall and winter wear, will bear in mind that Messrs. C. A. Smith & Co., 18 and 20 School Street, have a large stock of the very best cloths which they cut and make to order. Persons who trade with this house can always feel sure they are getting the best goods at a reasonable expense. In fact, no cloth but the best can be found on their counters, as they deal only in the best goods.

Mr. E. R. Evans, who for many years was connected with the firm of Evans & Co., Worcester, has now established himself in this city, in the Marble and Granite business. Mr. Evans is a man well known to many of our ministers and laymen, and highly esteemed for his honesty and integrity in business matters. All parties wishing for anything in his line, will find it for their advantage to give him a call at 123 Harvard Street. See advertisement in another column.

Face was Young. Yet her hair was gray. She tried Parker's Hair Balsam, and now her hair is soft and brown. Only 40 cents.

"A PENNY saved is a penny earned," and you can save a great many pennies by following the advice given in the advertisement of John & James Hobson, who are selling their immense stock of carpetting, comprising all grades of goods in most desirable patterns, at prices which deft competition.

"The ARCADIA VELVETEEN is an improvement upon ordinary velveteens that is sure to be thoroughly appreciated, not only during the coming winter, but for many seasons."—*Bazaar.*

The Claude School Teachers' Union Bible Class, Rev. Robert H. Meredith, Conductor, will commence again in Tremont Temple, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 2d, at 3 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

J. L.

Augusta District Camp-meeting.

The third and last camp-meeting of this district was held at Freeman Center, Me., Sept. 15-19. In the absence of Presiding Elder Pottle, this meeting was under the charge of Rev. D. Pratt, Jr., and was opened Monday evening. A goodly number were present. A tent-meeting was led by Bro. Mabry, of Livermore.

Tuesday morning was fair, and by unanimous consent the first sermon was preached at the camp-meeting. The second was under the charge of Rev. D. Pratt, Jr., and was opened Monday evening. A goodly number were present. A tent-meeting was led by Bro. Mabry, of Livermore.

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